

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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Calendars for 1931

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 11

"Homesick For My God!"

When evening comes to each man's life,
When each has struck his sail—
Rare is the wheat that does not feel
The winnow and the flail!

The gold we thought of purest lode
Oft has its vein of ore;
Thus souls men rate full pure and clean
Must pass the cleansing floor.

There, languish souls that long to be
Where love and peace abound;
And like the wanderer at the gate
They catch stray light and sound.

None of the marks of human woe—
No cries—no moans of pain—
No restless, fretful, tossing men—
Here, love and longing reign.

We hardly know what longing means—
With passing fancy sate;
But, oh, to wait in twilight there
The raising of the gate.

Each faculty intent on God,
Each soul-nerve tautly bent,
Sick with longing, watching e'er—
When will the veil be rent?

I wonder if we've ever thought
How leashed within our hand,
There lies the power, so oft unused,
To lead them to their land!

C. E. Bernard, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE HAND OF DEATH.

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The ancient city of Foligno lies among the foothills of the Appenine Mountains, a few hours north of Rome. That it is not far from Assisi all those will remember that have read the life of St. Francis. While he was still a wild young cavalier, he, one day, in a fit of misguided fervor, filched a bolt of velvet broadcloth from his father's store, jumped on his horse, and rode to Foligno, where he exchanged the costly goods for money to rebuild the ruined church of San Damiano.

It was in this old town Father Casey and Lawrence Dwyer found themselves one dark day in late November. By mutual consent they chose, as usual, the oldest, narrowest, crookedest streets. The result was twofold: first, they satisfied their craving for the romantic; secondly, they muddled their shoes and lost their way.

Father Casey hailed a group of ragged urchins busily engaged in tormenting a cat and asked the way to the convent of Santa Maria. He might as well have asked the degree of latitude, for all they were able to tell him. But the moment he said, *la mano della morta*—the dead woman's hand, all began at once to shout directions and triumphantly led the strangers back eight blocks over the way they had come.

"They may not know the name of the church or the convent," Father Casey explained, "but every man, woman, and child in Foligno knows the story of *la mano della morta*."

A few moments later, inside the convent, Lawrence Dwyer was intently examining the heavy cloister door into which was deeply burned a perfect impression of a woman's hand.

"I suppose, Father Tim, it is a thousand years old."

"The door may be old," he replied, "but that hand was burned into it in comparatively recent times—in the year 1854, to be exact."

Dwyer eagerly begged the priest to tell him "all about it."

"In that year the Mother Superior of this convent died suddenly. One night, about a week later, she appeared to a Sister, here beside this door. Her face was pale and showed traces of heavy sadness and intense suffering."

"Did the Sister think of asking her what she wanted?" Dwyer interrupted.

"The poor Sister was too much frightened to think of anything. In fact, the shock was more than she could stand. She never recovered from it but gradually lost her robust health and died about two years later. However, she instinctively cried out: 'Oh, Mother, is that you?'"

"And what did the Superioress answer?"

"She answered: 'It is I. I am in unspeakable pain and am come to beg the Sisters to pray for me. Oh, my Sister,' she added, 'how different are the judgments of God from the judgments of men!'"

"But hadn't the Sisters offered up any prayers for her after her death?"

"To be sure they had. Every religious order prescribes many Masses and special prayers and good works for the repose of the soul of a deceased member. They had done everything the rule required."

"Then why did she have to suffer so much in purgatory? Had she been a lax religious?"

"On the contrary, she had led a very fervent and holy life. She talked to the Sister, just as she had so often done while she was still in the flesh, except that her voice was strained and sad, and explained why all the Masses and prayers had not freed her from purgatory. The principal reason was because she had, through human respect, been over-indulgent toward the Sisters in regard to holy poverty; she had allowed them some little trifles—handkerchiefs or the like—not in accordance with their vow. She explained further that, if death had been preceded by a long illness, these pains, patiently borne, would have atoned for much of her fault, but, since she died suddenly, she had to pay the full debt in the soul-searching fires of purgatory. She laid her hand on the door. It burned the wood like a white hot iron. Then she disappeared. After the other Sisters had heard the story and seen the charred imprint of their Mother's hand, they set to work in earnest to pray for her deliverance. Every day they recited together the seven penitential psalms, fifteen decades of the rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and offered up Masses, Communions, and works of mortification. You may imagine, too, that they made a thorough house-cleaning and removed from their cells everything but the bare necessities. To obtain this result and prevent relaxation in the matter of poverty was probably the principal reason why God had permitted the apparition."

"Did they ever see anything more of her?" Dwyer asked.

"Seven days later she appeared to the same Sister radiant with joy, poured out her thanks, and declared that she was going to heaven to pray for them."

While the priest was speaking, Dwyer could not take his eyes from that ghostly brand upon the cloister door. A sensation of awe and dread crept over him. He fought against it and tried to speak lightly.

"It's an impressive story, all right," he said. "But there are so many legends in these ancient towns. One can never tell."

"I was inclined to say the same," the priest returned quietly, "until I saw the signed and sworn record of the official investigation."

"There was an investigation?"

"A most thorough and scientific one," Father Casey replied. "At first the Sisters had agreed to keep the matter secret out of delicate consideration for their dead Superioress. But—well, even Sisters are women—the secret got out. The Bishop ordered an investigation. University men, anatomists, physicians, were called in. They made affidavit that it was unquestionably the burned imprint of a human hand, perfect even to the minute details of the finger prints. They even went so far as to exhume the body of the dead nun and found that certain slight defects in the bone formation were identical. Thus you see it is with good reason that everybody in Foligno knows the story of *la mano della morta*."

"But, Father Casey—" the young man burst out, then stopped abruptly.

"What is it, Larry?"

"Purgatory must be a serious matter. We—we don't ordinarily take it that way."

"My boy, it is not so much purgatory—it is *sin* that is a serious matter. If we, in our blindness, cannot see the malice of offending the All-Holy God by even a venial sin, we can at least form some idea of that malice after learning how venial sin must be burned away in the cleansing fire before the soul can bear the presence of its Maker."

"You say, Father, this Superioress was a holy woman. Don't you suppose she confessed this sin of being over-indulgent in granting permissions to the Sisters?"

"Undoubtedly," returned the priest. "But remember, a venial sin is not forgiven in Confession unless there is genuine sorrow for that

sin and a real determination not to commit again. Larry, I fear many of us will be sadly disillusioned at the particular judgment, when we find that the venial sins we rattled off so glibly week after week are still on our souls and must be burned away by long years of purgatory. Remember, too, that, even after a sin is forgiven, there often remains a debt which must be paid either by penance here or suffering hereafter. And what penance do we perform? The few little prayers imposed upon us by the priest in Confession, the Friday abstinence, the Lenten fast, are rather a travesty of penance."

"Yes, and I get out of the Lenten fast whenever I can," said Dwyer.

"Even though we do not get out of it, we have whittled it down and whittled it down until it is no longer a fast at all. There is some little hope of purification in the sufferings we endure because we cannot avoid them; for instance, the weariness caused by disagreeable, monotonous work, the pains of a long illness, disappointment resulting from the failure of an undertaking, sorrow for the loss of one we love, and so forth—unless, indeed, we are so rebellious and impatient under these trials that they add to our purgatory instead of taking away from it."

"What about all the indulgences we can gain?"

"Aye, that is a question: what about them? Do we really gain them? Do we get the benefit from them? Even when we do all that is required for the gaining of an indulgence, it cannot take away the punishment due to our sins unless the sins themselves have been already forgiven. There may be very few so unreservedly devoted to the service of God, so detached from self-love and the faults flowing from self-love, as to be forgiven for every slightest sin. And, therefore, there may be very few that receive the full benefit of a plenary indulgence. This poor soul that was allowed to come back from purgatory said: Oh, how different are the judgments of God from the judgments of men!"

"Father Tim," Dwyer cried, "what will become of me? That good nun received so many Masses and prayers, and God knows who will say a prayer for me after I am dead. She had only a few little faults, and I—why, during this one day, when I thought I was extra good, I have committed so many venial sins, sins of vanity and idle curiosity and self-indulgence and impatience and rash judgments and back-biting

and sensuality and laziness and everything. When this is multiplied by all the days of my life, the number is enormous. Maybe I shall be one of those unfortunates condemned to burn in purgatory until the end of the world."

"At least learn from this not to trifle with venial sin," said the priest. "And learn also to do all in your power for your deceased relatives and friends. Many of them were no better Christians than you. For a few months after their death you offered a few Masses, said some half-hearted prayers, then you said: they are surely in heaven by now. And so you left off—left them to the slow and painful process of atoning unaided first for one sin and then for another through long, long years of abandonment and agony."

Lawrence Dwyer registered one or two salutary resolutions as he took a last look at *la mano della morta*.

A TYPICAL MESSAGE

In connection with the recent elections, Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati issued a message to his people that might have been uttered by any priest or bishop to their Catholic people. The Archbishop reminds the people that voting is a serious obligation, and says:

"Of course, not the slightest suggestion will be made from any Catholic pulpit as to how our Catholic people should vote. The Church does not wish to form for them their political opinions, nor to suggest that they espouse this or that particular issue or support this or that particular candidate. The Church does not identify herself with any political party. She does not express the slightest preference for either one of the two great political parties of our country, nor does she endorse special groups or political alignments that arise from time to time.

"The informed men in public life know that the Catholic Church is not a meddler."

A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys, said Cicero one day. How about making God our partner in life by the frequent renewal of the good intention?

“With the Sun Upon their Sails”

HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY.

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

Somewhere St. Francis de Sales has said: “Those who fear purgatory so much, are prompted rather by self-love, and motives of self-interest, than by a due regard for God. This is greatly due to preachers who descant more on the sufferings than on the happiness and peace of the souls detained in purgatory. True, those sufferings are greater than any they have endured in life, but the interior consolations enjoyed therein are above any contentment of which man may partake in this world.” (Quoted in Bishop Camus’ “Spirit of St. Francis de Sales,” p. 314.)

To most minds the idea of Purgatory connotes two things: exile from God and cleansing fire. And indeed, theologians hold it as a certainty that there is a pain of loss consequent upon the delay of glory, and a pain of sense; furthermore, it is held as most probable that the principal instrument of this pain of sense is corporeal fire. Then again, popular belief associates *intense* pain with the idea of purgatory, nor is there any error in this belief. All theologians admit that the pains of purgatory are very severe. In fact, it can be said to be the common opinion that the pains there are much more severe than pain in this life. St. Thomas even goes so far as to say that the least pain in purgatory is severer than the greatest pain of this life, and most of the Thomistic school follow this opinion, although St. Bonaventure and St. Robert Bellarmine, and apparently St. Alphonsus differ from the Angelic Doctor on this point. But bearing in mind the fact that the sufferings of this life and those of the next life are of different kinds and, therefore, very difficult to compare, we nevertheless can see that the pains of the souls in purgatory are very severe.

To speak, then, of happiness amid such severe suffering may seem to some a contradiction. The great Florentine Poet, Dante, expresses beautifully the association of pain and happiness in purgatory:

“Ah, how far unlike to these

The straits of hell; here songs to usher us,

There shrieks of woe!” (Purg. XII. 105.)

And as the poet penetrated deeper into purgatory he heard the strains

of the *Te Deum*, and saw how content and anxious these souls were to undergo their expiation, as he says it, "Drink up the sweet wormwood of affliction" (XXXIII. 86). But standing out as a jewel in a brilliant setting we have those beautiful lines:

"Straight I heard

Voices, and each one seemed to pray for peace
And for compassion to the Lamb of God
That taketh sins away. Their prelude still
Was *Agnus Dei*; and through all the choir,
One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seemed
The concord of their son." (XVI. 14 sqq.)

The *Agnus Dei* in Purgatory! What a wonderful development of the familiar doctrine of the Communion of Saints, of the Pauline doctrine of Jesus "always living to make intercession for us" (Heb. VII. 25). There was so much happiness and peace in the Dantean purgatory that these exiled souls burst out into spontaneous song.

Quite true the Church has never spoken on this subject of happiness in purgatory. Much of what happens in the other world is shrouded from our vision, but not completely shut off. Here and there a rift is seen and by the light that breaks through these rifts we can deduce other happenings or possibilities with a fair amount of probability. St. Thomas holds it as a principle, and St. Robert Bellarmine adopts it as a safe guide, that in those things which are undetermined about purgatory by the Church, we should abide by that which is more conformable to the sayings and the revelations of the Saints. Now there are not lacking mystics who have had revelations about this very matter of happiness in purgatory. St. Catherine of Genoa (1447-1510) whose doctrine was said to be "completely free from error and highly salutary" by the Acts of Canonization, has given us the most sublime treatise on purgatory we possess. In chapter II she says: "I do not believe it would be possible to find any joy comparable to that of a soul in purgatory, except the joy of the blessed in paradise—a joy which goes on increasing day by day, as God more and more flows in upon the soul, which He does abundantly in proportion as every hindrance to His entrance is consumed away." Anne Catherine Emmerich, famed for her visions of the Life of Christ, told of a vision she had one night of purgatory. I quote from her biography by K. E. Schmoeger, C.Ss.R.: "Last night I was in purgatory. It seemed to me as if I was

led down into a deep abyss. I saw a great space. It was a moving sight to see how there the poor souls are so quiet and sad. Yet there is something in their countenances, as though they bore joy in their hearts, in memory of the mercy of God. I also saw upon a glorious throne the mother of God, in a beauty I have never as yet beheld her."

We may, therefore, assume with a good deal of certainty that in purgatory there is a mingling, mysterious indeed and wonderful, of pain and joy. Nor need we take this solely on authority. We know of the possibility of this mingling even in this life; and the data can be studied and psychological conclusions reached, which put down the foundations for the possibility of such a mingling hereafter before the soul is immersed in the joys of beatific vision and fruition.

Rev. Louis Chardon, O.P., in the seventeenth century wrote a book called "The Cross of Jesus" and as the basic principle of the whole work he took this thesis: "The fulness of grace in Jesus was the source of perfect beatitude and intense suffering." The principle is illuminating in this, that it brings together two things we generally dissociate as widely as possible: joy and suffering. The great example at once mysterious and commanding, we see in the Passion story of the Saviour. Native to beatitude and selecting to suffer, he rises before us aweinspiring in the complete intensity of both. Theologians grope about for an explanation and succeed in warding off every contradiction; but the clear solution must ever rest with Christ, whose own will withheld the spreading of that beatitude from glorifying his body, and at the same time allowed full rein to every kind of suffering.

Passing on to other examples of that mingling of great pain and great joy, we come upon the well-known example of the Little Flower. Turn to chapter IX of her autobiography and read "The Night of the Soul." "He allowed my soul to be overwhelmed with darkness, and the thought of heaven, which had consoled me from my earliest childhood, now became a subject of conflict and torture. This trial did not last merely for days or weeks; I have been suffering for months, and I still await deliverance. I wish I could express what I feel, but it is beyond me. One must have passed through this dark tunnel to understand its blackness." She then goes on to make this clear by a comparison. "Let me suppose that I had been born in a land of thick fogs, and had never seen the beauties of nature, or a single ray of sunshine, although I had heard of these wonders from my early youth, and knew

that the country wherein I dwelt was not my real home." And so deep was the darkness, so entirely lacking in all consolation that she can truthfully say: "From the time of my childhood I felt that one day I should be set free from this land of darkness. I believed it, not only because I have been told so by others, but my heart's most secret and deepest longings assure me that there was in store for me another place. . . . And suddenly the mists about me have penetrated my very soul and have enveloped me so completely that I cannot even picture to myself this promised country . . . all has faded away." Thus this suffering soul continues to describe in words too feeble for the thought, what it means to live in the Night of the Soul. She is careful to warn the Reverend Mother that she does not exaggerate, and to emphasize how complete is the darkness she says: "And yet it is not a veil—it is a wall which rises to the very heavens and shuts out the starry sky." Surely this means anguish that surpasses the comprehension of ordinary Christians. For a soul that tends toward God with every fiber, it is real agony. If a ray of light now and then finds its way through the gloom, the remembrance of that very ray of light serves only to make the blackness blacker still. Despite all this suffering which we might be inclined to think should surely exclude anything that would even be suggestive of joy or happiness, we have the assurance of this modern mystic that "never yet have I felt so deeply how sweet and merciful is the Lord." If it is God's will she is quite content that her bodily and mental sufferings be prolonged. She finds that total resignation to the Divine Will makes all sweet, that the Divine Hand tinges with suffering the lives of His loved ones for their own welfare—a thought beautifully expressed by that mystic poet of the nineteenth century, Francis Thompson:

"Designer Infinite—

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst

Limn with it?"

And she, too, aligns herself with the mystics also when she later confesses: "Later on suffering itself becomes the greatest of all joys, when we seek it as a precious treasure." Such an acknowledgment has its own peculiar value not only because it is concrete evidence for the intermingling of joy and sorrow, but also—and this is to be noted here—because the one acknowledging this is of our own generation, of our own modern world. Throughout that whole beautiful chapter on the

Night of the Soul the conviction grows upon us that joy and sorrow not exclusive of each other, but rather offspring of the same thing, love—a love that draws out the thorn, so as to be able to pour in the ointment.

There is, therefore, no contradiction in the idea of happiness in purgatory. The ideas are not exclusive. In fact, upon further reflection we would think something lacking, were not some happiness to be found in purgatory. We know there is anguish—exile causes that even here on earth. How dreadfully greater there! Yet when the exiled one knows that his banishment is the very means of a speedy reunion, in that it sharpens his faculties for enjoyment and strips him of that which might cause displeasure to the loved one, the bitterness of that exile becomes bitter-sweet.

They, then, become like dwellers in the valleys looking afar toward the mountain crests bathed in the evening glow; or as Father Faber has so nicely put it:

"Though dim as they must ever be,
Like ships far off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails."

AN IDEAL WORTH STRIVING FOR

In these trying times it is well for us to remember the ideal which Cardinal Newman held up to the Catholic Colleges of England.

"What I desiderate in Catholics," he said, "is the gift of bringing out what they are, what their religion is. I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know just what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, and who know enough history to defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity. . . .

"I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relations of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases of Catholicism and where lie the main inconsistencies of the Protestant theory. . . .

"In all times the laity have been the measure of Catholicism."

The Most Human of All Saints

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

"I longed, my God, to fly from the things of earth to Thee,
And I knew not that it was Thou who wast working in me."

HIS FUNDAMENTAL CHARACTERISTIC

Here we have, in brief, the characteristic trait of St. Augustine's personality: he was the God-seeker. And in this he appears again as the most human of Saints, because he seems to be the living image of the God-seeking soul—he seems to give voice to the deepest questions and aspirations of the human soul. This makes him the man of piety in the truest and noblest sense of the word.

"All his works," says a recent author, "are born of the living quest for God; through all glows his living nearness." But this is evident, above all, in his book of Confessions. There are many so-called Confessions; they are, however, addressed to men, and we cannot help feeling as we read them, a certain tendency to strut. But St. Augustine's Confessions are addressed to God—and the note of absolute sincerity strikes one at once. "As soon as you cross the threshold of the Confessions, you enter into a new world. You are in a chapel at prayer. His whole life becomes a prayer. Here stands a man before his God; to Him he brings his whole life, laid bare more completely than ever man revealed his inner self."

But he is the Truth-seeker first. And here perhaps is the secret of his platonism, that, seeking Truth, he found God, the Truth that alone satisfies and is the explanation of everything. "It was the love of wisdom, or as the Greeks call it, philosophy, "aroused by the reading of Cicero's 'Hortensius,' " that started him on his upward way. From one disappointment to another, it led finally to the true God and God-like life.

And from the very start, it seems to me, the issue was already indicated, though he did not realize it. It lay in a little seed, planted in his heart by his mother, in his early childhood: the name and the personality of Jesus. For inspired, though he was by the reading of "Hortensius," he soon found himself far from his goal, for he says:

"One thing cooled my ardor—it was that the name of Christ was

not there, and this name, by Thy mercy, Lord, this name of Thy Son, my Saviour, my heart had drawn in with my mother's milk, and kept in its depths; and every doctrine where this name did not appear fluent and eloquent, and truthlike though it might be, could not master me altogether." (Confessions III. 4.)

PRIDE OF INTELLECT

It would seem that this inner experience would drive him at once to Our Lord in the Gospels. It did, and he read the Sacred Scriptures. But he was not yet prepared for this manifestation of Our Lord. What happens to so many who with the inexperience and self-centeredness of youth enter upon scientific studies, that form and appearance of learning is mistaken for reality, and brilliance for substance, this happened to St. Augustine, too. It might be called intellectual pride—and no doubt it is, even though those who are afflicted do not always recognize it as such. But St. Augustine recognized it as pride later on.

This it was that made the Gospels distasteful to the youthful scholar at Carthage. He says (Confess. III. 5):

"I resolved to turn my mind to the Holy Scriptures to see what they were. And here I found those things which are not for the proud to behold, nor even for the humble, without a veil, things mean at first sight, and afterwards sublime, but lost in mystery. I was not yet capable of entering in and bowing my head that I might penetrate within; nor was it with this feeling that I approached the Holy Scriptures: they seemed to me unworthy to be brought into comparison with the majesty of Cicero. My pride, I repent it, despised the manner in which the things are said, and my intelligence could not discover the hidden sense. They become great only for the humble, but I disdained to humble myself, and, inflated with vainglory, I believed myself great."

Here, perhaps, is the student of all ages, on the first wave of learning.

IN THE THRALL OF FALSEHOOD

This same spirit, too, made him—as he laid aside the Scriptures—turn to Manicheism, an Oriental system of thought that appealed to many at that time for various reasons, and especially to our youthful philosopher.

First of all, the Manicheans promised that they would demand no acceptance of their system on faith, but only what reason and science should establish. Augustine tells us himself:

"What decided me to follow them and listen to them assiduously for nine years, rejecting the holy religion which had been taught me in my childhood, was that they guaranteed that, whereas this same religion imposed the yoke of a superstitious belief on us, and obliged us to believe things without understanding them, they on the contrary, asked no one to believe anything without first having penetrated the truth in such a way as to make it evident.

"How should I not have been attracted by such promises in the state of mind in which I found myself when I fell into their hands, full of the presumption of youth: loving the truth, no doubt, but inflated with this pride which one usually contracts in the schools, when one hears men, who are accountable dissent on all subjects; I myself caring only to argue and to discuss, treating as songs and fables all that was not according to my ideas, at the same time that I had an ardent desire for that truth which they promised to make me see clearly." (De Utilitate Credendis I.)

In the second place, this sect promised its followers a scientific explanation of all the problems that nature and the world offered. They seem to have been lavish in their promises, even as so-called science is to this day. And when Augustine tripped them up in argument or found their explanations insufficient, they always said: "Wait till Faustus, their leading spirit, comes; he will explain all."

And so, he hung on till the great man should come, finding their agreement with him on some things sufficient reason to wait. He was so much a materialist at that time that he could not imagine, could not conceive of a spiritual being. "Thus, in my ignorance," he says of himself at that period, "I always imagined God as a corporal substance, not being able to conceive that the soul was any other thing than a body, very subtle doubtless, but contained in a certain habitation, and bounded by a certain space." (Confessions. V. 10.) The Manicheans gave him right; they recognized nothing but matter.

In another regard, very important for Augustine at that time, they also offered very consoling teaching. They had an explanation for evil; they recognized two gods, existing together from all eternity. The one, the principle of good, created the world; the other, the principle of evil, introduced disorder into it. Likewise there were two souls in man, opposed to each other, as were their authors. Man was not free. The rational soul, the work of the principle of good in him, did the

good—the animal soul, the work of the principle of evil, was accountable for all sin. And so we find the young wayward student reasoning:

"I persuaded myself that it is not we who sin, but that it is I know not what foreign nature which sins in us; it satisfied my pride to believe that I was not guilty; and, when I had done something wrong, instead of accusing myself, to obtain healing from Thee because I had sinned against Thee, I preferred to excuse myself, and to accuse I know not what other being that was in me, and was not me." (Confess. V. 10.)

At any rate, as usual, Augustine went into it wholeheartedly. He read all their books, adopted, discussed, defended their opinions, and even attacked the Catholic faith, as he said later on, "with a most wretched and furious loquacity." (De Dono Perseverantiae, XX. 53.) He won over his friends: Alypius, the dearest of all; Romanianus, his wealthy patron of Thagaste, Honoratus, Licentius, and even attempted to "convert" his mother, Monica. She, poor mother, was overwhelmed at her son's apostasy. "She banished him from her presence, and would not permit him to sit at table with her, though he might dwell under her roof. But when he had obeyed, she fell on her knees and wept over this benighted son more bitterly than a mother weeps at the burial of her child."

Yet the quest of God was there insatiate and the "Hound of Heaven" was pressing closer. Augustine, in the midst of all this argumentation, says:

"I carried a shattered and bleeding soul, . . . yet where to repose it I could not find. Not in calm groves, not in games and music, nor in fragrant spots, nor in curious banquetings, nor in the pleasures of the bed, nor in books or poesy found it before. All things looked ghastly, yea, the very light."

THE PROFESSOR

It was about this time—he was now about twenty years old—that he finished his studies. Need forced him to enter upon the teaching profession. First in Thagaste, his native town, then in Carthage, later in Rome, and finally in Milan, he taught successfully, and especially in Milan, where he held a commission from the Government as public lecturer and panegyrist of the Emperor. All this time he gave himself up to a serious study of philosophy and the various sciences, publishing book after book. Gradually his faith in Manicheism began to be

shaken, until in 383, when he was about twenty-nine, he broke with them completely.

The causes that led to this seem, according to his own words, to have been the following:

In the first place, the void that their teaching left. "I perceived," he says, "that they were far richer in specious arguments for attacking the Church, than in proof for establishing their own."

He saw, too, that while they preached virtue, their life and practice was scandalous and he revolted against this hypocrisy. In discussion with the Catholics, they had by far the poorer of the argument—their only reply, as he says in his Confessions (v. 21) being: "The Scriptures have been falsified." And even the great Faustus, for whom he was to wait, failed him. St. Augustine's reactions are interesting.

"When I had brought forward such things as perplexed me," he says, describing his interview with the great man, "I found him first utterly ignorant of the liberal sciences, save grammar, and that he knew but in an ordinary way. But because he had read some of Tully's orations, a very few books of Seneca, some things of the poets, and such few volumes of his own sect as were written in elegant Latin, and was daily practiced in speaking, he acquired a certain eloquence. . . . (But) when I put to him the difficulties which perplexed me, to be considered and discussed, he modestly shrank from the burden as beyond his powers."

But most of all, perhaps, there was an influence at work that he did not think of. It was the prayers of his mother, Monica.

In her distress she went to see "a certain bishop, brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in Thy books," as the Saint says in his Confessions. She entreated him "to vouchsafe to converse with me, refute my errors, unteach me ill things, and teach me good things." But the Bishop refused—"wisely, as I afterwards perceived." "Let him alone for a while," he said; "only pray God for him; he will of himself, by reading, find what that error is and how great its impiety." And still the poor mother pleaded.

"Go thy way," said the bishop to her finally; "and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A continual striving after perfection is reputed perfection.

A Few Thoughts

ON THE APOSTOLATE AMONG THE MEXICANS

M. S. BRINGAZI, C.Ss.R.

Not long since, the phrase "Mexican Question" was a very common one; a phrase found on almost every news page, in many magazines, and heard from many lips. There were only a few who understood and who wrote or spoke clearly and intelligently. They did not fail to particularize and determine their subject. The Mexican question is not a dead nor yet a purely academic question. It is, indeed, a large and varied subject. Thus, it may be easily extended to cover the social, the economic, the political, or the religious position of the Mexican in the United States. The same words were used to designate the strife between the Mexican Government and the Church. For the Catholic Church in the United States the religious phase of the Mexican question is an acute and present problem.

Putting aside, then, all other phases of this knotty problem, even though they may be related to our subject, let us see whether or not there is need of an apostolate among the Mexicans, and also how this missionary labor may be sustained and extended.

In the United States the name "Mexican" is commonly and loosely applied to all who speak the Spanish language. The Mexicans themselves distinguish between a "Mexicano"—one born in Mexico and later an immigrant to the United States—and a "Texano"—a native of Texas descended from Mexican ancestors. Naturally, not all American-born Mexicans are Texanos: the latter have been used only as an example. In like manner the Mexicans do not speak of other Spanish-speaking peoples as Mexicans, but classify them according to the country of their birth. However, we may reasonably accept the ordinary definition and neglect any distinction based on the place or the country of origin in considering the religious phase of the Mexican question. In dealing with the Mexicans we must not forget that in spite of all accidental differences, they are descended from a race whose bond is their common blood. They are further united by the ties of a common language, of customs, of history and tradition.

Among the Mexicans living in our midst today we find first of all the descendants of the original Spanish settlers, some of whom still

work the lands granted to their ancestors by the Spanish crown. There are others whose parents, or grandparents, emigrated from Mexico and took up a permanent residence here. Again, there are the recent immigrants who propose to settle here. Finally, the transient laborer who crosses the border on account of seasonal occupations or who intends to remain and work here for only a time. Almost entirely Catholic, the care of thousands of new souls becomes a serious problem for those who are charged with their care, the bishops and the priests. Not the least of the difficulties which confront them is the language of these people. Legislation by the national congress to curb and control the easy and open immigration from Mexico would affect, and to an extent, alleviate, the religious question by reducing the numbers of Mexicans to be cared for. However, such legislation is an economic rather than a religious topic and, therefore, outside these considerations.

An important factor which enters into all the phases of the Mexican question and one which cannot be overlooked here, are the sentiments and prejudices of many non-Mexicans with regard to their Mexican neighbors. Too often the Mexican is merely tolerated as a necessary evil: someone must do the lowest and commonest labors and the Mexican is good for that. He is frequently regarded as a fair victim of any scheme or swindle. Again and again he is made the unwitting tool in unlawful schemes and even crimes. For instance, he takes a poll-tax receipt because it is handed to him and then votes because he is told to do that or lose his job. Now, since he is usually without resources and ignorant of our law, the whole blame is shunted upon him and upon his race. Prejudice raises its ugly head when he tries to send his children to school; they are often discriminated against. Prejudice, at times, meets him at the door of the church and either refuses him admission, or plainly evinces that he, a Mexican, is merely tolerated, not welcome, in the house of God. This obstacle, combined with the ignorance and the extreme poverty which is the lot of so many Mexican families, is a grave hindrance to the priest, the Sister, or the catechist, who would devote themselves to the uplift and salvation of our Mexican Catholics. Only education united with a truly Christian, Catholic charity and zeal, can diminish or remove these obstacles.

But some will say: Why bother our heads about them at all? Let them obtain their own priests from Spain or Mexico. If they are transients, your influence will be little and the results nil. If they are so

poor, how could they support the priests and Sisters sent to them? If they are so ignorant, how will you ever succeed in teaching them? If they are so scattered in the rural districts, how can you gather enough together to justify your labors? Why waste your time and talents on the Mexicans when there are so many other people, schools and parishes calling for priests and Sisters?

The Savior, Jesus Christ, and the Apostles labored to instruct the poor and the ignorant. They went out into the desert, they searched the hedges by the roadside for the sheep that were lost. Catholic missionary labor among the Mexicans in the United States is just such a work. It is a truly apostolic labor. It is an effort to preserve the faith and save the souls of thousands, many of whom are in extreme spiritual need.

Unless robbed and cheated out of their heritage, the Mexicans are Catholic. Judged by the standards by which we might determine the practical faith of other Catholics, we might be tempted to say that they are poor Catholics and unworthy of the name: Catholics who look more to the externals and the non-essentials of the faith than to the essential, important practices of religion. They are, some say, almost fanatic in regard to certain free devotions and quite apathetic in the matter of essential duties, such as, Sunday Mass and the reception of the sacraments. They are, some say, illiterate and ignorant, low and abandoned in their moral life; marriage vows rest lightly, are easily assumed and easily broken; treachery and lying are their forte. That is NOT a true picture of the Catholic Mexican population. It is a low, unjust caricature. Intimate contact with the civilized "white" especially in our cities, has done much to debase and ruin the character, morals and reputation of the Mexicans. The movie and the common run of the short story have helped to fix these false notions. The Mexican people are not all saints—no nation has ever yet been canonized—neither are they all black-hearted, low, worthless scoundrels. It is indeed marvelous that they have kept the faith at all. How often have they been without priests, without churches, without schools! How often has the very practice of their faith been proscribed and death the penalty for loyalty to God and the Church in the time of persecution! Learn their language, gain their sympathy, know them as they really are, and you will find that they have kept more than a mere shred of their spiritual inheritance. Under similar circumstances, how many of other races and nationalities

have lost the faith entirely. If, then, in spite of so many drawbacks and difficulties they have kept the faith, what may not be expected of them when they have a real opportunity to God and their religion? If the seed of the parable is destined ever to bring forth the hundred-fold, may we not expect to reap this harvest in the field of the Mexican apostolate?

How can this work be furthered? Who will carry it on? Priests, Sisters for the schools, catechists and others will be found, but who will make it possible for them to carry on their work? Endurance flights to be successful need competent ground crews, refuelers, and backers. What, precisely, can be done to further the work of the Mexican apostolate? How can laymen share in this truly missionary labor? Above all, how can Catholic societies lend a helping hand? There are several different ways, open to individuals and societies alike, which may be followed. Methods employed in one section will not serve in another. Local difficulties and needs must be examined. Local resources must be studied and not overrated: a little aid, consistently given, reaches farther and produces better results than more generous but spasmodic help.

Let us consider in a general way a few methods or means of fostering the apostolate among the Mexicans.

First of all, let us extend our support to the churches which have already been built expressly for the Mexicans, or to which there belong a large number of Mexicans. National churches have their drawbacks, but in some cases they are the only reasonable solution of the problem. Few Mexican churches are really self-supporting. In other places where there are not a sufficient number of people or of priests to warrant the separation of the several groups into distinct parishes, it would be a most grievous error to exclude the Mexicans from divine services or render their attendance intolerable by a display of animosity and ill-will. Our churches are Catholic churches; they are Catholics. The simplest form of assistance to such churches is financial aid, and the less restricted, the better it is. Very often it is the best means, for the people are too poor adequately to support their pastor. Again, well-meaning people buy vestments, altar linens and other furnishings for the churches and forward them without asking advice or suggestions. The result is, at times, that there is an abundance especially of smaller articles which are easily made, such as corporals and purificators, while

other necessary supplies are entirely wanting. A little foresight, organization and co-operation will remedy this. It might even be possible for larger groups or societies to adopt a certain mission or parish. With the help thus afforded him, the priest would be free to devote himself to the more priestly works on account of his freedom from financial worries. At the same time, new missions and parishes must not be excluded. There everything is usually wanting; their need is greater. The new territories must be served as well as the old.

But to build churches and supply them while the children remain neglected, being unprovided with the necessary school or catechetical instructions, would be to build with the right hand and destroy the work with the left. Schools, Catholic teachers—the Sisters—are a prime necessity. When the Catholic school and the Sisters, or at least Catholic lay teachers, cannot be had, then trained catechists, if possible, should be supplied. No matter how zealous a priest may be, he can be in only one place at a time. It is not enough merely to build schools; they must be maintained. The parents can be encouraged and trained to send their children to the Catholic school; but few can contribute even a small amount regularly to pay for the education of their children. Summer schools have been conducted with great success in a few places. The same trouble, financial support, seriously hampers them, too.

In a certain mission near San Antonio, Texas, an old store was purchased and converted into a school. The two Sisters who taught there had many hardships to endure, but results justified their labors and the necessary expenses. Every morning and evening they had to go a mile to and from school, for their convent was near the American church, which had a resident pastor, in the same town. There were as many as 120 children, from 7 to 15 years of age, on the rolls at the same time. The large majority were brought to attend regularly. Some parents boarded their children, one or two at a time, with other Mexican families living near the school, that their children might have the chance to learn a little reading and writing and especially that they might be prepared for their first Holy Communion. How many would be willing to make such a sacrifice? The children grow attached to the Catholic school and prefer the Sisters. In the same place a man came to the priest and told him that it no longer would be possible for him to bring his children to the school. The burden was too heavy. He had to leave his work and drive five miles every morning to bring them

and again in the evening. When the two children of school age learned their father's decision they went on a strike; they refused to do anything in the house or to help in the fields until they could return to the Catholic school. A near-by public school would not satisfy them. The father related all to the priest after he had returned the children to the school. In another place a Catholic school was opened and the public school was forced to suspend within a year for lack of pupils. While this may not be the story of every place, it shows what has been done and what can be accomplished. Even if the children receive no more than one year's training and instruction, that is a foundation upon which the priests can later build. They will not be without some religious knowledge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IDOL WORSHIP STILL EXISTS

An admirer of Disraeli, the famous British Premier, speaking about him to John Bright, another famous figure in the English Parliament, said:

"You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man."

"I know he is," replied John Bright, "and he adores his maker."

A BIT OF SLAVERY

Cardinal Herbert Vaughan tells us, as quoted in his biography by Snead-Cox, how, when he was young, his father once gave him a lesson in mortification.

"On one occasion," he says, "when I had shown over-much relish for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or practice. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I ventured to retaliate, saying:

"Well, father, how is it that the snuff-box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner? You always take a big pinch."

"For a moment he was silent; then he made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire he said:

"There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery."

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which in prosperity would have lain dormant.—*Horace*.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF SACRIFICE.

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I

The men called her a girl in a million. The women envied her because she possessed so many of the advantages given to them only in part. And Mary Lou herself thought not a little of the attractions that made her the center of every admiring throng. She was a little thing—"petite" is the word they used of her. She was lovely in a doll-like way—"so cute" said the ladies, at least those who had no cause for envy. She was like the breath of life itself—gay, quick-witted, daring and brimful of enthusiasm. "Butterfly" expressed it all—and expressed moreover, perhaps, the trend of events that made her life into something of a story.

"Butterfly" they called her—with that uncanny sense of fitness with which names are sometimes given. She was a butterfly in her beauty—colorful and bright—yet seemingly fragile and delicate—of a kind that seemed to call out for someone to take care of it and protect it. She was a butterfly in her pursuits—flitting through life as her namesake flits from flower to flower—with but one desire, to get the most out of each occasion for joy her surroundings presented. She was a butterfly in her thoughtlessness of the future, for only to look at her was to know that she gave no thought to the time when responsibilities, burdens, sorrows, such as come into every life, would come to her, and to wonder what there would be of character beneath her beauty to bear them well.

Mary Lou Kennedy's life was like a landscape painting, in which every detail was colored with the rose of joy, in which there was no sequence, no passing of time, no separate stages; all was one and all was joy. There had been many occasions in her life when her thoughts might have bridged over from the light and airy to the stern and serious things; when she might have learned to think of life as real and earnest, as a time when something is to be done, sacrifices to be made, purposes to be fulfilled. It was characteristic of her that such things never crossed her mind.

There were the Sisters who educated her at St. Rose's Academy. Just to see them about and to live in their midst—to say nothing of the lessons they taught by word of mouth—had been for many of her companions the awakening of earnest thoughts. Their joys, in a worldly sense, were few and far between; their duties and responsibilities many. Yet they had assumed these latter willingly—had, as it were, shaped their every action to a purpose definite and sublime, and there was a happiness evident in its fulfillment that could not be denied.

The girls had been accustomed to talk it over among themselves. Girls are naturally idealistic; they are attracted easily to things noble and worth-while. Thus many of the girls at the Academy thought of becoming Sisters.

"I've just about decided," said Anne Mabrey, as she and Mary Lou and Margaret Harmon sat in the lounge-room one evening, "to stay here after graduation and become a Sister. I don't know of anything that would be more wonderful."

"I've thought of it, too," said Margaret. "Only I don't like to think of giving up home and everything so soon after graduation, just when I could go back to it again. But I would love to be a Sister. Wouldn't you, Mary Lou?"

Mary Lou's thoughts had been far away. She just caught the word "Sister." "Oh, that," she had said. "Nope. Not for me. I don't fancy wearing all those heavy clothes and praying half the time and never getting to see anybody or do anything. It's all right for those who like it, but it's not for mine."

That was her attitude. Everybody to his likes. She couldn't imagine anybody doing anything they didn't like—she had no conception of the meaning of the word sacrifice. Life was too sweet to be soured by sacrifice.

Then there were her parents. They had made sacrifices in plenty to send her and her brothers and sisters through the Catholic school and through Catholic colleges and academies. That in itself might have been a lesson, but it wasn't. There was the Catholic faith that came to Mary Lou as naturally as her growth and beauty. She knew it thoroughly, could answer any questions put to her about it, but it was as a parrot that she knew it—it never awakened thoughts, aspirations, reflections in her soul.

"Wasn't that a beautiful sermon this evening?" a friend once said

to her as they walked home from church together. "Father Marion always gives me so much to think about."

"I think he has lovely eyes," answered Mary Lou, "and I'm just crazy about the way he parts his hair."

Yet Mary Lou was not bad. She was naturally good; she was even held up as a model of correctness and virtue. She was only thoughtless. She was a butterfly. And beneath it all there was this about her, that she gave the almost indefinable impression that some day something would happen to her, and that she would then wake up suddenly from her thoughtlessness, and would become conscious of the serious side of the thing called life. Only, to look at her, you were sure to hope and pray that her awakening would not come too late.

An event had just taken place in the life of Mary Lou, as this story began to unfold itself—that for anyone else might have been an ending and not the beginning. She had become engaged. Perhaps that is not the right word. She had rather "come to an understanding" with the finest and most desirable young man in all the younger set with which she traveled. His name was Brian Corby.

Brian was different in many ways from Mary Lou. He was a man who wanted to know the "why" of things before he acted upon them. A man who had interpreted all the experiences of his life in their relationship to his own being. A man who knew and studied and applied his Catholic faith. A man who faced life with his eyes open, or who grasped it with his two hands and like a true artisan, was determined to make something out of it.

But there were likenesses, too, between him and Mary Lou. His handsomeness was not even a matter of dispute—it was commonly accepted as that beyond which there was nothing more. Even before they began going together, the presence of Brian and Mary Lou in the same room with a crowd of people caused the frequent remark that they would make a wonderful couple. And in Brian there was—with a different foundation—the same spirit of fun and life and unconscious merriment that Mary Lou so constantly displayed. Judging from their external ways, one would say that they were kindred spirits; it was inevitable that they should be brought together.

For Brian—his understanding with Mary Lou meant life's coming to a fulfillment—to a unity of purpose around which he could center every action of the rest of his days. It meant breaking away from the

gay life and the light life he had been living; entering into the house of sacrifice with Mary Lou at his side, and setting about the accomplishment of all those things that make a life worth while. In Mary Lou he had seen that hidden promise of awakening beneath her gay exterior. He had thought engagement and marriage would draw it forth. Gradually he began to see that he had been mistaken.

The first inkling of this came shortly after their engagement. They were driving together one warm evening after a rather lengthy party at the home of one of their friends. The air as it raced by the speeding car was cool and refreshing on their warm faces. There was a loveliness about the night that suggested to Brian sharp contrasts to the gay fast life of which the party they had left was a symbol. The principal contrast was the thought of his future life with Mary Lou. He began to speak of it.

"I feel," he said to Mary Lou, exhilaratingly, "as though I'm driving away from the past into the future—with you. The night makes me feel that way—romantic. Does it do the same to you?"

Mary Lou responded enthusiastically as always, "It's lovely out here, Brian, especially with you."

Brian looked down at her as she lay back comfortably in the seat. "Whenever I'm with you now," he went on, "I think of what's coming to us." He spoke as one merely voicing his thoughts as they came to him. "Home—one that we can call our own—every inch of it. One that we can work together to make beautiful and comfortable and restful. Settling down to home life, just you and I and our plans and dreams for the future. Children, perhaps, if God wills it—little ones for us to make happy and good, and to make us happy, too. It's great!" He spoke almost reverently, as of a thing almost too good to be true. Mary Lou's words broke in on his reverie—unconsciously to her—almost as sacrilegious.

"Oh," she said, holding her hand out of the side of the car and letting the breeze play through her fingers. "We don't have to be so serious about it—yet. Do you know what I think about when I'm with you, Brian?" She went on quickly, half in joke, half seriously, "Of how wonderfully your black hair sets off my blond. Of how swell it is to have you to take me to all the parties now—of how much more fun I get out of them with you. Of how nice it is to be sure of having the

best looking, sweetest, most adorable boy friend in all the world with whom to enjoy life. That's what I think about."

There was a troubled look playing about Brian's dark eyes that the small dashboard light within the car did not reveal.

"But Mary Lou—afterwards—what about afterwards?"

"Oh, you mean after we're married? Well, I can't just see myself settling down to anything serious for a while. We're too young, Brian. We don't want to be worrying about serious things—children and all like that—yet. We want to enjoy life just as we're doing now—till we get a lot older anyway. And it's so nice to think of being married and enjoying everything together."

She snuggled her little hand into a place under his arm and looked up at him for acquiescence. For a moment Brian looked straight at the road before him. Then his eyes were inevitably drawn to return her gaze. After all, he was in love, and the presence of the girl of his dreams so close to him seemed to drown out in a sudden wave of affectionateness every thought of remonstrance to her words.

"Maybe you're right," he said lightly, though he didn't believe it. "Anyway, why worry about it for a while. I'm satisfied with 'just you!'" He began to hum softly to himself and Mary Lou took up the words of the song and put them to the tune. . . .

II

Brian Corby, despite his words to Mary Lou, could not help giving himself over to worry. On the night he spoke to her of his most sacred thoughts—of home and all that it meant to him—he put his car in the garage after taking her home and wandered aimlessly out into the dimly lit streets of the city. His thoughts went slowly, painfully, over the conversation of the evening.

This much was plain to him—now that he was alone, away from the influence of the lovely, delicately perfumed, attractive, lovable person of the girl with whom he had fallen in love: she had not been aroused by any thought of marriage or the future out of the almost childish thoughtlessness of her ways. Life to her was still worth only so much as its pleasures were worth; the world was still a dream-world filled for her with only gay times and happy times—untrammelled by a serious duty or a burdensome care.

Torn by his love for her—yet convinced by the witness of his own common sense that her way could not be made his—nor his transformed

into hers, Brian wondered what he was going to do about it. As he walked along through the residential section of the city—the sight of its beautiful homes, the gleam of lights from standing lamps left lit, here and there, in their windows—the sacred air of comfort and intimacy enveloping them—forced his thoughts into the future, against which as he had outlined it in the form of his hopes and dreams, Mary Lou had expressed her stand. Common sense then told him, even while his love whispered that it was traitorous to do so, that he should never marry Mary Lou. Then the picture of her face would come before him, or of her figure slouched down in the car at his side, or of little mannerisms and ways she had, and he would turn away from the sight of home and future and all his heart would go out to her. Thus he fought the battle with himself, with the principles by which his life had up to now been governed, with his dreams, with Mary Lou, until at last he returned home and went to bed, giving up the struggle in despair, leaving it for some other day to decide what he was going to do.

It was Mary Lou herself who, by two strokes of her hand, as it were, brought him to a decision. While throughout the days following her declaration of her ideal of married life, conflicting thoughts were racking Brian's mind—his external conduct went on as if he never had a doubt about marrying her in the end. So he went out house hunting—not with any intention of immediately buying—but because it was a pleasure to him and gave him a feeling of reassurance about the future.

He saw and examined many houses to his liking, some large and roomy and expensively furnished; some small and comfortable and cozy; some old fashioned and appealing; and some the last word in things modern and up-to-date. At last he came upon one that seemed the combination of everything desirable in a home—up for immediate sale on account of the needs of its owner—and Brian quickly made a date with Mary Lou and rushed her out to look it over.

He was voluble, as they went from room to room, showing off its advantages, extolling its fine points, as though he was the one who was trying to make a sale. Mary Lou was animated as always, agreeing with him wholeheartedly on everything he said until he began to think he had been both a knave and a fool for ever doubting her interest in the things of home. Then at last—as they stood near the front door

gazing through the rooms that were visible—in which Brian was already seeing everything as though it were his own—she spoiled it all.

"I think it's beautiful, Brian," she said, "so comfy and nice. But it would mean so much work, so much cleaning even with a girl to help, I'd hate to be tied down to it. I think I'd prefer an apartment," she added as she turned to the door. "They're so economical, so labor-saving. Wouldn't you?"

He had answered only with a pretense of a smile, but it was the first stroke that brought him to a decision.

Only a week later came the second and the last. He had been detained a few nights at the office after hours, and though Mary Lou had anticipated going to a couple of parties during this time, he had been forced to decline. The afternoon of the first evening party she called him at the office.

"Brian, dear," she said sweetly over the telephone, after their mutual greetings, "I just don't know what to do with myself tonight. I wonder if—I wonder if you'd mind if I go to the party with Jack Boland tonight? Would you, dear? Just so that I can have a little fun and won't have to stay at home and do nothing. Think you'd mind, sweetheart?"

The "sugar" was wasted on Brian, but he returned it in kind, giving his permission. It was the second and last stroke. His mind was made up.

He returned home from work very late that night. Still he sat down, took out letter paper and pen and began to write. The letter was to Mary Lou, and when he had finished, so far as he was concerned they were no longer engaged.

III

As a man who, though determined to perform a disagreeable task, yet puts it off as long as possible, so Brian Corby allowed days to pass without mailing the letter he had written to Mary Lou. In the meantime he carried it in his inside coat pocket and each day promised himself that on the morrow he would mail it.

There were many considerations that accompanied his dilly-dallying with what he knew was the only sensible and reasonable course of conduct for him to follow. He had that sterling characteristic of a true gentleman—a horror of giving pain, and he hated above all to give pain to Mary Lou. At the same time he would console himself that

what he was doing was to be for her ultimate good as much as for his own. Following quickly upon this thought would be the question put by himself and to himself: Why didn't he talk to her—tell her by word of mouth, and not, coward-like, blast their romance from afar and leave her no chance to speak for herself? The answer always was that he knew in his heart he could not do it—that in her presence he would never be able to say the words that must be said if their lives were not to be ruined. Besides, it was much easier to make everything clear in writing; he had worded things in such a way that Mary Lou could not help seeing his reasons, understanding his action, and agreeing with him in its significance for them both.

He had not seen Mary Lou for over a week, and the opportunity of thinking things out, uninfluenced by her disturbing nearness, finally overcame the resistance of his admitted love and hesitating fears. He took the letter out of his pocket one evening, placed it in a clean envelope—as the original had become pocket-worn and soiled—and laid it on the table in his room to be mailed in the morning.

The letter was never mailed. Morning came, and with it news that not only cast from his mind all thought of the letter, but threw him into a state of frenzied anxiety and fear that made him a changed man. Mary Lou had been taken down with typhoid fever, and was now battling for her life in the Isolation Hospital.

It is hard to describe the things that happened to Brian Corby as a result of this news. It is said that pity is akin to love and is often the awakener of love; in his case, the love was there already and pity added to it intensified its force and increased its power till it overwhelmed him with an agony of sudden and new devotion. From the moment he heard the fateful news, Mary Lou was before his eyes. Mary Lou the butterfly—wing-clipped and broken; Mary Lou the sprightly, healthy one, brought low by disease and pain; Mary Lou, whom he had loved and won, then almost given up and lost, now perhaps to be torn from him not of his own willing, but by the hand of a Power against whose final ruling argument is vain!

He had wanted, of course, to rush to the hospital at once. Danger meant nothing to him personally; death even would have held no fears, in the state in which he found himself. Others who loved him prevented actions that would have been foolish. Besides, the doctors and

nurses would not hear of visiting, and for a long time Mary Lou herself was oblivious to all about her.

So Brian went on through the days, turning hot or cold, buoyed up to exciting hope or plunged into black despair, at every word of news from the hospital, where Mary Lou was prisoner. He sent flowers daily; heard Mass and received Holy Communion every morning during her illness; did more praying in general than he had ever done in his life. The days dragged miserably, but they passed; the disease ran its course, and Mary Lou pulled through. At last came the final day of quarantine, and then the day on which Brian would be allowed to see her.

He called her home, thinking she would be there. Her sister Helen answered the telephone and her words gave another jolt to Brian. No, Mary Lou was not there. She had been moved to St. Marys Hospital, where she was being treated for the effects of the disease. . . . Her mother was with her. . . .

Filled with vague forebodings of the meaning of that word "effects of the disease"—Brian drove out to St. Mary's at once. He was like a man in a trance now; all feeling seemed to have left him, so complete was the mastery over him of his feeling for Mary Lou. It was the afternoon visiting hours at the hospital; he received directions to her room at the door; he climbed the stairs slowly, thoughtfully, numbly, not even thinking of the elevator. On Mary Lou's floor he sought out the nurse in charge. He found her conferring with a physician.

"Pardon me," he said, approaching calmly. "Miss Kennedy—what is the report on her?"

The doctor spoke, after the nurse informed him as to what case was referred to. "She is recovering rapidly," he said. "She has a lot of strength to make up, but is doing well. Except for one thing." The level eyes of the physician were taking in the young man before him. This was more than an ordinary admirer, he thought to himself.

"And what is that—one thing?" asked Brian, marveling at his own calmness.

"Her sight," was the answer. "Of course, it's a little early to be sure. But we've done all we could—have called in specialists—but have found the condition very bad. We are afraid she will be blind."

Only the slightest jerking forward of his head—the tiniest narrowing of his eyes marked Brian's reaction to the words. "She will be

blind." But they thundered in his heart. Through the thundering came the doctor's remark:

"We have not told her."

Brian made a little open-palm gesture of his hand. "I will tell her," he said, and turned and walked abruptly down the corridor.

Mary Lou's mother was in the room with her. The shade was drawn, but the room was only half darkened. The sunlight was powerful even through the blind. Brian stood at the door a moment, one hand in his pocket, the other nervously opening and closing at his side. Mrs. Kennedy saw him, came to him, uttered a word or two, and left him alone with the girl.

"Butterfly!" he said, as he advanced to the side of the bed.

She lay upon her back, very quiet and composed. Her face looked clear and fair; there was not a trace of the fever-disease left upon it. Only across her eyes were drawn the neat folds of a heavy gauze bandage. At the sound of Brian's voice a smile flashed across her features. She uttered his name with a little cry of gladness.

He took her hand, which lay at her side above the coverlet and played with the fingers. He had meant to do all the talking, to be cheerful, happy, hopeful; yet he stood long without being able to utter a word. At last it was she who broke the silence.

"Sit down, Brian—here beside me. I've been longing and longing to talk to you."

He sat down and at last his tongue was loosed. He told her all he had gone through during the days of her illness. How he had prayed and hoped and suffered and wept. How glad he was to see her well again. They had a few moments of exquisite happiness in which they talked lightly and laughed gaily together. Then Mary Lou suddenly robbed him of what he had taken upon himself as a painful duty.

"I wish I could see you, Brian," she said, "just once more. You'd look so different to me now." (It was pitiful, Brian thought, to hear her talk of this. He could not answer. Fortunately she went on): "Because I know—though they haven't told me—that I'm going to be blind."

Her voice did not even quaver. Who was this Mary Lou that was speaking to him? Brian asked himself. It was a different girl—no longer the butterfly. He turned half away, unmindful that she could not see his tears. Again she went on:

"Brian, I do not think I am going to mind being blind. It has taught me things already—things I should have learned and known long, long ago. Across the inside of this bandage that covers my eyes my whole life has been passing in the last few days, and I'm beginning to see what a little fool I've been all the time. It didn't mean a thing to me—and never would have—as long as I went on that way. Just good times and pleasures, no sacrifices or burdens or duties. Just butterflying my way through life."

"Butterfly—butterfly—" Brian tried to interrupt her, but he choked on the words.

"I had to become blind before I could really see. Sometimes I think it an awful thing to be blind—never to see anything—and that a person who is blind is just useless—helpless in the world. And then I think that not being blind—I was worse than useless—I was positively harmful and would have ruined myself and others before the end. Now that can never be, and I'll find some way to do things worth while, after a little, when I get used to this dark, dark—" She broke down at last and her left hand passed gently over her eyes as of one crying.

"Butterfly—useless—no, no!" Brian had to force the words incoherently from him. His throat was filled. After a little: "You're going to be my wife—Butterfly—not useless—and we're going to have a home—and you're going to take care of me and I'm going to take care of you." He was on his knees beside the bed.

A determined little smile crossed her lips and when she answered his words, Brian knew that argument with her was useless. He was dealing with a different Mary Lou than he had ever known before. And this Mary Lou quietly but firmly informed him that their engagement was over—she would never marry.

"You loved the butterfly, Brian, but the butterfly is gone. There's only a little blind girl in its place and the blind girl is not worth marrying. Let us forget it."

On the heels of her words an inspiration leaped into Brian's mind. An inspiration to do something he would have called impossible had it not been the only answer to her words. He fumbled in his coat pocket till he drew forth an envelope. Mary Lou heard the rustling of paper in his hands as he nervously opened the paper within.

With a torrent of words he told her about the letter he had written

to her just before she had gone down with the fever. How he had reached the conclusion, that they could never get on together. How she had loved different things, desired different things, did different things than he. How, therefore, for her sake as well as his, he had written to tell her just how he felt—to ask her—or rather to inform her about breaking off the engagement.

"I loved the butterfly, you say?" he concluded. "Listen to this and then tell me what I loved. I loved you—hoping you'd be as you are now—hoping you'd think as you think now. And now I love you a thousand times more than I ever could have loved you before. Mary Lou—will you marry me?"

There was a silence after his words. He did not dare to break it. He waited on her lips—saw them quiver—knew that her eyes beneath the bandage were wet with tears. At last she spoke—and her words were a whisper.

"Brian," she said, "kiss me."

He bent down and pressed his lips to the snow-white bandage that covered her eyes.

NOBLE UNSELFISHNESS

It happened early in the course of the Civil War. General Robert E. Lee had not yet proved his preeminence as a general. On more than one occasion he was severely criticized by a Southern General by the name of Whiting. General Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point and was considered a bright and capable man. One day, President Davis, wishing an officer for some important command, called upon General Lee for advice.

"What do you think of Whiting?" asked the President.

Lee, who knew Whiting's reputation, answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest generals in the army, well qualified in every way.

One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside.

"Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?" he asked. Lee's answer was a splendid proof of the nobility of his character.

"I understood," he answered, "that the President desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

PRAYER

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may never neglect prayer, come to my help, O loving Mother." (From the litany of Perpetual Help.)

Prayer is so powerful an aid. I need not think of the many cases that I know in which it helped. I need not turn back on the pages of *THE LIGUORIAN* to read the stories of those who were helped in every kind of need or temptation, want, or trouble. I have the word of Jesus, who is truth itself, who is God, the One who hears our prayers. He said "whatever you ask the Father in my Name that will He give you." Not once, but repeatedly does He utter this promise. I believe—I trust—I depend entirely on that sweet word.

Prayer is necessary. When I look at my human feebleness I have no difficulty in believing this. Only a glance at my life from day to day is sufficient to show me how much I need the help of God's grace. There are difficulties in my work, discouragements from illness or physical discomfort, fears because of temptations, regrets because of falls, and all spell the word: pray.

True, God could grant His aid without waiting for my call and cry for aid. But, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, He determined otherwise. How sweet the ways of His providence!

Almost every case in the Gospels where anyone receives help, it is in answer to prayer. This is significant indeed and shows us that He has placed this connection between grace and prayer, once and for all. It enhances personal responsibility in the matter of our salvation.

No one, I know, recognizes so clearly and forcefully the necessity

of prayer as You, O Mother of Perpetual Help. Your prayer brought the first miracle of Jesus! You heard His inexpressible prayers to His heavenly Father. Your heart was united to His in His last prayers on the Cross. O teach me that lesson of prayer, which seems to be the one Jesus meant to teach preeminently, because He speaks of it so often.

"That I may never neglect prayer, come to my help, O loving Mother."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Fathers: On the 8th of September I finished a nine-day Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help asking her to help me secure a position. The morning of the last day I received a telephone call from a gentleman telling me that his firm was opening a new office and that there would be a possibility of a position with them. The next day he called me and made an appointment for an interview at which time I was given the position.

When I made the Novena I promised publication if the favor was received, and that I would have a Mass of thanksgiving read. I am enclosing an offering for both, and will appreciate your publication in the next copy of THE LIGUORIAN.—St. Louis.

* * *

Dear Fathers: Just before the last big Novena my little granddaughter was taken desperately ill with leakage of the heart and a nervous ailment which threatened her with St. Vitus dance and she was ordered to quit school at least for a year. I made the Novena for her safe recovery and thanks to the intercession of our Blessed Mother I am happy to inform you that the child has completely regained her health and is now attending school every day.

I promised a public thanksgiving and also a Mass for the abandoned souls in purgatory, in the event of the child's recovery. For this and many other favors granted me in the past through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, I again offer my profound thanks.—St. Louis.

* * *

Dear Fathers: A few weeks ago I wrote asking your prayers for some favors I was anxious to obtain through Our Mother of Perpetual Help. One was that my brother would receive the Sacraments. At the time I made the request I had been told by him that he would go for Easter, but he had told me that often during the past ten years. How-

ever, since that time he has met with some reverses, which seemed to crush him; and while we regret this deeply, still we can feel thankful for one thing at least, for he has come back to his Church. Last Saturday he went to Confession and received Communion Sunday. From his conversation I feel that he is sincere, for he remarked that he did not know how he could have kept away so long. I ask now that Our Mother of Perpetual Help will help him get his affairs straightened out, relieve him of his worries, and give him the strength to continue going to the Sacraments.—A friend.

* * *

Reverend and Dear Fathers: Will you kindly publicly announce the receipt of a great favor in answer to a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help? Through her aid in answer to my prayers and those of the Congregation I have secured a good position for which I asked. I am enclosing one dollar for a Mass for the suffering souls in honor of Our Lady. Praised be her name.—Milwaukee.

* * *

Dear Father: Would you please read a Mass at the earliest convenience in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help as a special thanksgiving for very great graces already received, also as a petition for a very special favor for which I am now praying? Thanking you and all the faithful for their kind charity in remembering me in their prayers, I am—A grateful child of Mary.—Kansas City.

* * *

"About three months ago I made nine Tuesdays in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help that my sister, who had fallen away from her Faith, would come back. She is the mother of six children and I knew that she would be setting them a bad example.

"Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help my prayer was heard. She is now going to church regularly and also receiving the Sacraments."—(S. L.)

* * *

Dear Fathers: I wish to make a public thanksgiving to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in answer to a favor which I asked of her during the public Novena. My sister was taken ill and the doctor said an operation was necessary. As she had not been to the Sacraments in years, and is the mother of five small children, I asked the Lady of Perpetual Help that if it be God's most Holy Will that she be brought back to

her faith and be spared to her little ones. I want to say that while she was in the hospital she received the Sacraments and has recovered nicely since the operation.

I am enclosing money for Masses for the poor souls in purgatory and have made the nine Tuesdays in thanksgiving. I am very grateful for this favor and for many other favors that Our Blessed Lady has granted me.—A Member of the Archconfraternity, St. Louis.

MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

On altars fair an image bright doth shine
Perpetual Help, it crowns Thy sacred Shrine
And calls from near and far
The aching hearts of sick and saddened men
To give them joy and bid them trust again
In God's own Morning Star.

The Infant God in terror fled to Thee,
When first the sight of His fell Passion Tree
His soul did deep affright.
Thus Mother, I, all drenched with bitter gall
Of sin and woe, to Thee for mercy call,
Too sinful e'en to pray.

Perpetual Help, one only claim I urge,
While deep the storm of fell temptation's surge
Around my soul doth roar,
More worthy souls to Thee their homage pay,
Yet of all men 'tis I alone can say,
That no one needs Thee more.

J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.

Mishaps are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.—Lowell.

Fervor consists in these three things: regularity, punctuality and exactness. That is, doing our duty to God by rule; doing it punctually at the right time; and exactly,—that is, as perfectly as we can.—*Manning.*

Catholic Anecdotes

CONTAGIOUS BRAVERY

A brave word and a brave deed on our part may often give strength to a weakening brother.

In the year 1839, during the persecutions in China, a mother and her fifteen-year-old boy were subjected to cruel torture in the hope that they might be frightened into renouncing their faith. But both stood unmoved. At last a cunning mandarin turned upon the mother and said:

"What a strong-hearted mother you are! Where is your love for your child? With a single word you could set him free and make him prosperous and happy; but instead, you coldly look on while he suffers a cruel death."

This assault upon her love was too much for her. She trembled in every limb. Her faith began to waver; she looked at her bleeding boy with eyes of tenderest love. But her son, perceiving her struggle, said:

"Mother, weep not! Falter not! Heaven is worth everything!"

At that word the mother's drooping spirits were revived.

"O God," she cried, "forgive my weakness! I am unworthy of such a son! . . . Go," she said, turning to her boy, "go bravely to death. I bless your journey. Go! My love follows you; my prayer follows you; my eye, which like your own shall break in death, follows you to triumph."

THE SHORTEST ROUTE

One of the latest biographers of St. John Baptist Vianney, more generally known as the Cure of Ars, shows that the Saint was not devoid of a sense of humor. Countless of his sayings, always kind and gentle, though often very keen, are on record.

To a penitent who came to him one day and wanted to know how one should go to God, he said:

"Go straight."

Pointed Paragraphs

ALL SAINTS

There are very few normal human beings who are not addicted in some way to hero-worship. The sight of a great man—the sound of his voice—the recounting of his deeds by others—have an influence upon human hearts that it is impossible to deny. It would be only necessary to follow the triumphant course of Colonel Lindbergh through the country after his trans-Atlantic flight, or to listen to the swelling acclaim given to national heroes in every field of endeavor, to realize the natural bent of man toward hero-worship.

The Feast of All Saints is one that gives full and worthy scope to the hero-worshipping tendency in the heart of man. These are heroes—the Saints honored on this feast—not of a day or a year or a passing generation; heroes who have won not the glory that fades as all earth fades, nor the honors that the world can give and that the world can take away. They are the strong and valiant, who in the midst of a world that passes won an imperishable crown and an everlasting glory; because they could say, when God came to meet them at the borderland of death: I have served Thee well!

Among them there are heroes drawn from every walk of human life. Kings and beggars, religious and lay-folk, professional men, tradesmen and laborers, rich and poor, learned and ignorant—all are represented. For every man and for every woman there are heroes among the Saints. To worship them is natural, once their conquests and their glory is reflected upon and realized. And the worship that befits them is the highest form of worship—possible and desirable for all: it is that of imitation of their virtues and prayer in their name.

THANKSGIVING

November brings around another annual feast that has become quite a popular holiday in our land. It is Thanksgiving Day. This year it will be marked again no doubt, by the abrupt demise of many turkeys—by the production and consumption of innumerable mince

pies—and by the happy reunion of many a scattered family about the laden board of the old homestead.

Of late years, however, the habit has been growing upon the American people of celebrating Thanksgiving Day in ways publicly religious. Where, not so many years ago, but little publicity was given to the religious meaning of the day, we can now read and hear numerous announcements of religious programs, sermons and special acts of worship as features of Thanksgiving Day. And the best part of it all is the fact that there are large numbers taking part in these acts of worship, thereby making the day what it is intended to be—a day for expressing our gratitude to God.

All of us have many things to be thankful for. Things in common—that God has given to all and to each of us—that no man can take from us; and things in particular, of which each of us could probably make a sizeable list if we would take the time to enumerate them for ourselves. Gratitude to God for all these things is a constant duty—not indeed confined to a single day. Yet by making efforts to express it on a day set apart, by making it on that day a part of our religious worship, we shall perhaps make up in some degree for forgetfulness in the past, and at the same time be reminded and inspired to render more constant gratitude in the future.

TRUE LOVE

One of the most beautiful characteristics in the life of the great Frederic Ozanam, professor at the University of Paris and founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was his tender love for his wife.

After a few years of the most happy married life, Ozanam's health began to give way under the double strain of his professional and charitable labors, and all Amelie's qualities as a nurse came into active exercise. In a letter to a friend, Ozanam describes the devotion of his wife, which was an inexpressible comfort to him in those last years of suffering:

"You know her whom God has given to me as a guardian angel; you have seen her at her task, but since the trouble has become more serious, you cannot imagine what sources of consolation as well as of alleviation of suffering she has found in her heart; what ingenious, patient, unwearying tenderness surrounds me at every hour and fore-

stalls all my desires. Happily, God gives her the strength. . . ."

In the codicil which he added to his will, shortly before his death, these touching words occur:

"To my tender Amelie, who has been the joy and charm of my life, and whose gentle care has consoled my misfortunes during the past years, I address a farewell, brief like all things of earth. I thank her, I bless her and I await her. Only in heaven shall I be able to repay her with as much love as she deserves."

REALIZING THE IDEAL

In a remarkable sermon addressed to the Holy Name Rally at the Eucharistic Congress at Omaha, Cardinal Mundelein warned Catholics of the decadent morals of the modern world, as evidenced by the multiplication of divorces, public approval given to birth control propaganda, the debased condition of the stage and modern literature. In the midst of all this, he saw hope, however, for the Catholic men, women and children who build up a spiritual reserve against temptation by frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament, and in demonstrations such as the National Eucharistic Congress and local and diocesan Holy Name rallies. Then turning to the men, he said:

"This Beneficent Providence bestowing wonderful help and grace (through the Blessed Sacrament) is evident most of all in you men. After all, the attachment and devotion of the men, in all eyes and with every people, has been the thermometer of the life of the Church, of the hold she has on the people. In this world of neo-paganism in which we live, the example of our Catholic men is sure to exert a powerful influence for good on those about them. Your edifying example as individuals will attract others and induce them to seek the reason and cause of that peace and contentment they see in you.

"It is the secret and dearest wish of every Christian to bring some soul to God, to eternal happiness. I can assure you there is no better, no surer way, than by the force of the example of the Catholic men of today."

Man is not an organism; he is an intelligence served by organs.

There are but three grades or classes of men: the retrograde, the stationary and the progressive.—*Lavater*.

Catholic Events

The past two months saw the convening of several very important Catholic conventions. Last issue recorded the convention of the Central Verein. Another convention that deserves notice was that of the National Council of Catholic Women which was held in Denver, September 28 to October 1.

Here is part of the program: A Parent-Teacher luncheon on Monday, a legislative luncheon Tuesday, round table conferences on Study Clubs, Immigration, Religious Vacation Schools, and Parent Teacher Groups, claimed interest throughout the convention. The problem of "Our Spanish-speaking Brother" was presented: Mrs. C. B. Mendel, Houston, Tex., spoke on the civic phase; Thomas Mahony, chairman of the Mexican Welfare Committee, spoke on the economic; Rev. H. Buchanan, Las Cruces, N. M., spoke on the spiritual; and the youth side was treated by Cleofas Calleros of the Bureau of Immigration. I give this just to show how thoroughly every question was considered. "The Menace of Birth Control" was discussed one evening at a mass meeting before a large audience of men and women.

* * *

Almost at the same time, the Sixteenth National Conference of Catholic Charities assembled at Washington, D. C., September 28 to October 2. There were committees on the Family; on Dependent Children; on Protective Care; on Health; on Social and Economic Problems; on Neighborhood and Community Activities and sessions on Catholic action among Spanish and Mexican people in the United States.

* * *

The keynote of this convention perhaps was sounded by its president, Miss Mary G. Hawks:

"I place before you as a great common problem, the preservation of the home. Your great common and specific work of the National Catholic School of Social Service is also an attempt to serve the home, to build such a corps of social service workers as will go out to the families, and through family case work and child guidance, and many other fields, have ever in view the Catholic ideal of the home, of the family, of the sanctity of the marriage tie . . .

"We cannot obtain this common objective if we cannot stand against the forces that would break down the home and invade its sanctuary, destroy the sanctity of marriage and the entity of the family. We cannot stand against them with anything short of our entire strength. This is the reason for the federation, even of federations."

At this convention, also, Miss Regina Hamelin, reported on the

sessions of the Junior Section of the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues, held in May of this year at Rome, and which she attended as the delegate of the National Council of Catholic Women. She said that over 250 delegates from more than twenty national groups of Catholic women from nearly all parts of the world attended.

* * *

"Religious Misunderstanding," "Family Education," "Religious Education," "Parish Credit Unions," and "Taxation as It Affects the Farmer," were some of the subjects discussed at the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Rural Life Conference at Springfield, Ill., in August.

Benedict Elder, editor of the Louisville Record, said: "Many Catholics are not only insufficiently informed as to the teaching and history of the Church, but they also fail to understand and appreciate the corporate personality of the Church . . . It cannot be overemphasized," he continued, "that the hostility which the Church encounters today is a mental hostility highly cultivated. It is worse in some respects than the bitter hostility which the early Church encountered."

* * *

In Detroit, the Third Annual Conference of the Negro in American Industry was held under the auspices of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States. The meeting was well attended.

Father La Farge, in closing the conference, urged the Colored Man to take an interest in his own race, because, he said, "the men in your own race place confidence in you because of your common experience. We can talk justice, but there is only one way to put it into practice. The laws of justice will not be put into effect until the law of love is effective."

"Do not let your attendance at Mass," he said in conclusion, "be the sum-total of your religion. There will be no justice in the world until we have learned the greatest of all commandments—love of God and love of our fellowmen."

* * *

From October 19 to 21, the National Council of Catholic Men met in their Tenth Annual Convention in Kansas City. Bishop Lillis opened the convention with a sermon on "The Need of Catholic Laymen's Organizations." He said:

"For the success of her mission the Church has looked not so much to the endeavor of the individual, but rather to the combined efforts of Catholic organizations. The individual, left to his own resources, will soon become discouraged, but his strength is vastly increased when he finds himself encouraged by the example and inspiration of others, all striving for the same end. When earnest men openly and fearlessly declare the great principles of their religion and translate these principles into living actions, they are prepared to defend their faith and their rights whenever and wher-

ever the occasion demands it. Indeed, the spirit of association is the spirit of the age, and when the forces of evil are combining everywhere to promote the cause of evil, we cannot remain idle but must join shoulder to shoulder in union with our brethren to defend justice and truth with the spirit of soldiers on the battlefield whenever Mother Church calls us."

* * *

On October 10, 11 and 12, Minneapolis honored its "first citizen," Father Louis Hennepin, Recollect Friar of the Franciscan Order, at a three-day civic, religious and fraternal celebration.

The Belgian Ambassador to the United States, Prince de Ligne, attended as representative of the Belgian Nation, and recounted the history of the famous Friar, missionary and discoverer.

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On October 22, "Liturgical Day," a public demonstration of the meaning and strength of the Liturgical Movement, sponsored by the Liturgical Summer School, was held at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

* * *

A remarkable ceremony, important in the missionary history of India, took place when Mar Ivanios, Jacobite Archbishop, and his assistant, Bishop Theophilus, were received into the Catholic Church by Rt. Rev. Louis Bensiger, O.S.B., Bishop of Quilon.

Mar Ivanios was formerly Metropolitan of the Bethany Congregation of Jacobite Monks, of which he was the founder. Rumors of his trend toward Rome had been persistent for some time, but the formal announcement was not made until August when he addressed a vast congregation of Jacobites from all parts of Southern Travancore. A public meeting was held at which the Archbishop explained at length how he was forced by the dictates of his conscience to relinquish Jacobitism and become a Roman Catholic.

* * *

The Very Rev. Philip Delon, S.J., superior of the Indian and Eskimo missions in Alaska, the Rev. William F. Walsh, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's Mission, Kotzebue, and Ralph Wien, an experienced Alaskan pilot, were killed when the missionary airplane, "The Marquette," in which they were flying, crashed near Kotzebue. The airplane crashed, it was said, while it was circling over the landing field. Spectators reported that the motor seemed to stall and that the ship dived nose first to the ground and was partly buried in the frozen earth.

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Two Chinese priests, it is reported, have been killed by bandits who kidnapped them together with Bishop Mignani, four other priests and ten nuns. The Bishop, four priests and ten nuns are Italian and French. The kidnapping and murder took place at Kian. Word was received that the Bishop was released that he might obtain a ransom for the other prisoners.

Bolsheviks at Krasnodar, Russia, have shot Monsignor John Roth, Dean and Apostolic Administrator of Kuban, and Father James Wolf, parish priest of Norovossisk, according to word received in Rome from Berlin.

* * *

News has been received from Bergen of the death of Bishop Olaf Offerdahl, Vicar Apostolic of Norway who, only last March was raised to the episcopate, and was the first native of Norway to become a Bishop in his own country in four hundred years.

Son of a small peasant farmer in the district of Sogn, near Bergen, Monsignor Offerdahl became a teacher. At the age of 22, he left Lutheranism to become a Catholic. After education in Berlin and Rome he was ordained in 1891. He translated the entire New Testament into Norwegian. His death took place at the Franciscan Monastery at Bussum, Holland, while the Bishop was on a visit there. He was 73 years of age.

* * *

The tension accompanying the recent political crisis in Mexico has been much relieved following the sudden and radical changes in the administrative personnel of the government. Declarations by President Ortiz Rubio have stated that the crisis is passed.

Although Portes Gil has resigned from the leadership of the revolutionary party, his resignation has not as yet been accepted. The withdrawal of Portes Gil, it has been felt, would be a favorable augury for the status of religion in Mexico.

* * *

Permission for the marriage of Princess Giovanna of Italy and King Boris of Bulgaria to take place in the Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi was granted by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The dispensation of the impediment of mixed marriage—Princess Giovanna being a Catholic and King Boris a member of the Orthodox Church—was granted by the Holy See after both parties to the marriage contract had pledged that they would baptize and educate in the Catholic religion all children born of the union.

* * *

The State of Virginia, through Gov. John Garland Pollard, has offered a reward for the arrest of vandals who attempted to destroy the great bronze crucifix unveiled at Acquia.

The crucifix was erected on a spot on the Washington-Richmond highway near the old cemetery where rest the first Catholic settlers of the Old Dominion. Just prior to the dedication ceremonies bullets were fired at the crucifix and threatening letters, signed "Ku Klux Klan," received by its sponsors.

Gov. Pollard had been invited to the dedication ceremonies but had declined owing to previous engagements. On reading of the attempted vandalism, he telephoned to Mrs. P. J. Archer, president of the historical committee of the Catholic Women's Club of Richmond, telling her he would attend.

The governor denounced the evidences of religious intolerance and declared the state would not permit them to continue.

Some Good Books

Twelve Years in the Catholic Church. By John L. Stoddard. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 174 pages. Price, \$3.00.

Most readers are familiar with John L. Stoddard, the well-known writer and thinker, who in 1918 came into the Church after a long search for the Truth through the maze of agnosticism, Unitarianism and various sects. At that time he wrote a book that has done much good: *The Rebuilding of a Lost Faith*, and now offers us another.

"The title 'Twelve Years in the Catholic Church,'" he says in the preface, "may perhaps lead one to anticipate some sensational revelation of experiences of a subjective character. The reader will find in these pages," he hastens to assure us, "nothing of the kind. The reason for the publication of this book is a very simple one."

And I think it well to give this reason just as Mr. Stoddard gives it in the preface of his book:

"After a certain time has elapsed in which the ardor of a convert to Catholicism may be supposed to have cooled, he is sometimes asked by former comrades in agnosticism or sectarian fellowship if he has found the Catholic Church all he anticipated and whether he has not experienced disillusion, perhaps possibly regret the step he once 'so rashly' took.

"If, as is invariably the case, the convert replies in the negative, the inquirers are disappointed and cannot understand why the fever lasts and the temperature remains high.

"This little book is intended to be a partial answer to such questioners. What they would like to learn is, first, whether I still believe the doctrine of Christianity in general and the claims of the Catholic Church in particular; secondly, whether I am 'happy' in my faith, and if so, why? They certainly are not happy; why should I be?"

And so we enter into the thoughts and studies during the past twelve years and see how his faith has deepened as knowledge and experience grew. The Divinity of Christ, the miracles of Jesus, the au-

thenticity of the Gospels, the Teaching Church, the Persecuted Church, the Church of Authority—all subjects that he sounded before his conversion are now gone over again with fuller insight and firmer grasp.

As to his "happiness" in the Church, let me quote the beautiful words which this 80 year old scholar has to say:

"In regard to my spiritual 'happiness' as a Catholic, I must content myself with the unqualified assurance of the fact and of my gratitude to God for having permitted me to enter the Apostolic Catholic Church of Christ; and I also affirm the absence in my heart of even the shadow of a regret that I took the step.

"Such sentiments are, however, too sacred to be spoken lightly of. Fervent rhapsodies over inward spiritual feelings have never appealed to me, especially on the printed page—Yet, as I am not likely, as an octogenarian, to write anything more about this subject, I wish,—before it is too late,—to bear testimony to the blessed peace which the unity, authority and sacraments of the Holy Apostolic Catholic Church have given me, and still give me."

Why We Honor St. Joseph. By Rev. Albert Power, S.J. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. 120 pages. Price, \$1.25.

"Three grounds or reasons may be assigned for the honor we pay to St. Joseph: (1) the sublime dignity to which he has been raised; (2) the virtues he practiced and (3) the great work he has done and is doing to promote God's interests."

Finding that the Litany of St. Joseph, as authorized by Pope Pius X, and familiar to the faithful for years, sets forth these reasons in detail, Father Power sets out to answer the question in the title of his book, by commenting on the invocations of the Litany.

And I feel sure his book will answer the question satisfactorily for everyone who is interested. Moreover, anyone who reads the book will be pleased even as he is profited in increase of love and devotion for St. Joseph, and the desire to imitate his hidden but heroic virtue.

Lucid Intervals

The man was in the hospital after his first serious attempt to knock a train off the tracks.

"I fear I can be of very little assistance to you," he was comfortably assured by the doctor. "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"Ah!" exclaimed the victim, "you're just the man for my case. I was a jackass for ever attempting to cross the track ahead of that train."

Fair one (to tourist who is shaving outside of his tent): "Do you always shave outside?"

Tourist: "Certainly! Do you think I'm fur-lined?"

The minister was warming to his subject. "All of yoh," he fulminated, "unless yoh repent, will be cast into outah darkness, and wail and gnash yoh teeth."

"Ah ain't got no teeth," interrupted an old man.

"Dey is goin' to be supplied," answered the minister, complacently.

George, Jr., returned from school disgruntled.

"Dad," he complained, "I got in trouble at school today an' it was all your fault."

"How's that?" inquired his father.

"Member I asked you last night how much a million dollars was?"

"Yes, I remember," replied George, Sr.

"Well, 'a helluva lot' is the wrong answer," said George, Jr., gloomily.

"Hello, Jake," said the farm hand. "Why ain't you comin' to the weekly dances down at the range hall?"

"Ho, ho, dances!" said Jake. "I could never learn to dance."

"You could, too. It's dead easy," replied the farm hand. "All you got to do is to keep turnin' around and wipin' yer feet."

Prof.: "Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Frosh: "For the same reason the hen crossed the road. You don't catch me with no puzzles."

Summer Boarder: "But why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are."

First Foreigner (airing his English): "How are you, I hope?"

Second Ditto: "Thank you, no doubt."

Dwight W. Morrow caught a train from his home for New York. Arriving there he forgot what he was supposed to do. So he wired his secretary.

"Why am I in New York? What am I supposed to do?"

His secretary replied that he was on his way to Princeton to deliver an address.

And he proceeded on his way.

Mandy, a colored woman was eating her lunch, when a neighbor came in with bad news.

"Mandy," the visitor warned her, "prepare you' sef fo' some powerful bad news. Yo' husban' has jus' been in de worst accident."

"Lan' sakes!" exclaimed Mandy, "ef Rastus am dead yo' shore am gwine to heah some awful wailin' soon as I finish dis meal."

Rastus was dead. A wonderful funeral was in progress. The preacher talked at great length of the good traits of the deceased brother, what a good, honest man he was; what a good provider for his family; what a loving husband and father—

The widow grew restless.

"Johnnie," she whispered, "Go up dare and look in dat coffin and see if dat's yore pa."

In a suburb there is a cottage, the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose a hatchet is generally used. One night a knock came at the door and a youngster was sent to see who was there.

"Who is it?" inquired the lad.

"It's me," said the voice outside.

The boy, recognizing the voice, shouted back, "It's Mrs. Schmidt; get the hatchet."

Mrs. Schmidt didn't wait.

Redemptorist Scholarships

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* * *

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